

Not Okay by [cricketofthedead](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV Show), Stranger Things - Fandom

Genre: Angst with a Happy Ending, F/M, Hurt/Comfort, PTSD, Panic Attacks, slight self harm??

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Mentioned), Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers (mentioned), Mike Wheeler (Mentioned), Nancy Wheeler, will byers (mentioned)

Relationships: Jancy - Relationship, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, could be seen as platonic - Relationship

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Summary:

Jonathan isn't okay. Neither is Nancy.

Not Okay

jancy story shit tbh i dont have a title yet

Jonathan Byers wasn't okay. He hadn't really been that great before his brother went missing, but after he came face to face with a literal monster straight out of hell, he really started feeling worse. He was always an anxious kid, "over sensitive," as his jackass father used to say. He really couldn't help it, he just thought too much. And he really couldn't talk to anyone he trusted, as he didn't want to stress them out more. His mother was still fragile from nearly losing her younger son, and from seeing the same monster Jonathan had. Will had been through actual hell. Jonathan felt that his problems didn't really measure up to his brother's, so he didn't want to talk to him about it. Other than his family, he could really only think of one other person he trusted enough to talk to about his feelings.

Nancy Wheeler wasn't okay either. She had lost her best friend, and had come face to face with a horrifying creature of unimaginable horror. Her parents would most likely think she's crazy. Mike's still grieving over Eleven. And Steve.....well, things between Steve and Nancy had soured after the incident. She finally broke it off in early January, and since then, she had lost the rest of her "friends" that hung around her and her now ex boyfriend. They had stayed with him, leaving Nancy completely alone. Except for Jonathan Byers, of course.

The two became almost inseparable after what they had seen and fought together. This closeness was one of the reasons that things had gone bad with Nancy and Steve. Steve was extremely jealous of Jonathan, and had demanded Nancy stop hanging around with him. Nancy had refused, leading to their eventual breakup. Jonathan had been the one to hold her as she cried.

Jonathan sighed as he nervously ran his fingers through his bangs. Said bangs were getting much too long, and often fell into the teen's

eyes, much to his annoyance. This time, however, he was much too anxious to be annoyed. His anxiety had gotten much worse since the Upside Down, roughly six months ago, but he'd mostly been able to keep it to himself. He didn't want to be a burden to his mother. But now, he was alone. He didn't like being alone. Jonathan felt tears well up in his eyes, and he dug his fingernails into his palm, hoping to distract himself from the horrific imagery that still plagued his mind, months after the event occurred. The nails weren't working.

Jonathan was frustrated, frustrated that he couldn't control himself, frustrated that he always let his anxiety get the better of him. He slammed the side of his hand into the wall, but immediately let out a yelp of pain. He didn't understand why people did that in movies, it really hurt. He cradled his injured hand and sank to the floor, finally letting his tears fall, streaking down his reddening cheeks. He could feel himself start to shake, and he let out a sob, knowing that a panic attack was coming on. He wished Nancy were here. Wait, scratch that. Nancy didn't know about his breakdowns. She would probably hate him. He let out a shuddering breath. He knew Nancy was way too nice to hate him, but he couldn't help the fear that she would realize he was broken and fucked up and leave him. He didn't want his only friend to leave him.

Nancy's boots crunched the frosty grass beneath her feet, making a somewhat satisfying noise. The brunette hadn't heard from her best friend in a while. She was concerned, as he was always a bit....unpredictable. Especially after the Upside Down. Nancy just had a feeling that something was wrong, so she had slipped on her jacket and boots and quickly slipped out her window, knowing her parents wouldn't notice her disappearance. As she approached the Byers' residence, she noticed that Jonathan's car was the only one there. Joyce had taken to bringing Will to work with her, not wanting to be away from him for very long. Nancy quickly jogged up to the door and knocked loudly.

"Jonathan? Are you home? It's Nancy...." She trailed off, hearing faint sniffing coming from inside the home. She opened the door slightly, noticing that it was unlocked.

"Jonathan?" She whispered, opening the door fully and setting her gaze upon her friend. He looked awful, tears streaming down his face, palm bloody from digging his nails into it. He was shaking

noticeably, and Nancy rushed to his side, hesitant to touch him, as she knew that some anxiety attacks were made worse when people touched the person.

"Jonathan, I'm going to hug you. Is that alright?" She asked softly, making sure that wouldn't make things worse. There was a slight hesitation before Jonathan nodded, finally lifting his head up from his knees to look at Nancy. He leaned into her as she opened her arms, and wrapped them around him. He sighed as Nancy asked him to try and match her breathing. He did as he was told, and tried to even out his shaky breaths. They sat like that for several minutes. Nancy let out a sigh as Jonathan's shaking ceased. She moved one of her arms so she could start messing with his long hair, pushing it off his forehead and twirling it between her fingers. Jonathan gave a contented sigh, giving Nancy an uncertain smile. She returned a confident one, and then leaned down, planting a kiss on his forehead.